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Literature for little folks : selections

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Frontispiece.

LITERATURE

FOR

LITTLE FOLKS.

*SELECTIONS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS, AND
EASY LESSONS IN COMPOSITION.*



BY ELIZABETH LLOYD.

PHILADELPHIA:
SOWER, POTTS & CO.,
1886.

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PREFACE.

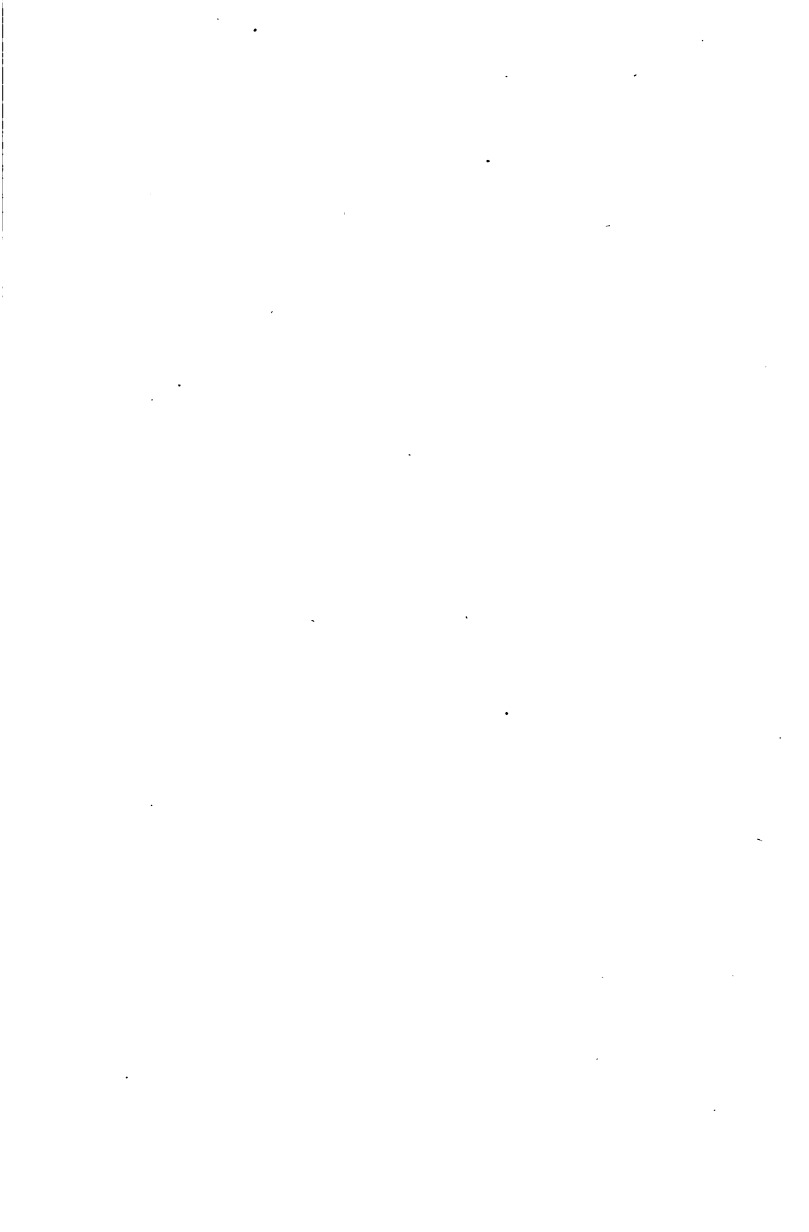
TECHNICAL Grammar is useful and valuable in its place, but committing the rules of syntax to memory never yet made a correct writer and speaker. Those children who habitually hear good English, speak and write it correctly, unconscious of rules; and the idea has at last dawned upon educators that the best way to gain a knowledge of the English language is to study the language itself.

That this study may begin as early in life as possible, the author has prepared this volume of selections from standard authors, believing that children from eight to twelve years of age may commit them to memory with profit and pleasure.

Most of the pieces herein contained are among the best that can be found in the small range of good child-literature; but a few, such as "Mary's Lamb" and "Little Star," are inserted because they have become children's classics, rather than for their intrinsic merit.

The composition lessons which accompany these selections are designed to enlarge the pupil's vocabulary and accustom him to express his thoughts in correct language.

The thanks of the author are extended to Scribner & Co., Scribner, Armstrong & Co., Hurd & Houghton, J. R. Osgood & Co. and others, who have so kindly allowed their copyrighted pieces to appear in this volume.



SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Teachers will please read the following suggestions carefully, as the value of this little volume depends very greatly upon the way in which it is used.

In most of our ungraded schools teachers complain that they have no time for language lessons, but they generally hear the classes in the second and third readers recite twice a day. If they will substitute a lesson in this book for the reading-lesson once a day, it is believed that the pupils will learn to read just as rapidly, and at the same time will improve in their talking and writing.

The book has been so prepared that a composition lesson accompanies each stanza to be committed to memory. In the latter part of the volume there are occasionally composition lessons without any corresponding stanza, and the reviews and spelling-lessons are thought to be enough in themselves for one day's work.

In order that the pupils may be prepared for the word-lessons in composition, it will be necessary for the teacher to give them in advance brief object-lessons on form, color, the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, etc. Teachers who find any of these lessons too difficult for their classes may substitute something easier.

In the word-lessons in composition, require the pupils to write the words in the form of a paragraph instead of in columns, with the first line farther from the margin than those which follow, placing commas between the words, and a period at the end. The first word only should begin with a capital, except in cases of proper nouns and adjectives derived from them.

The review questions are intended for the teacher, and not for the pupil; and as they are merely designed to be suggestive, they may be used or not at pleasure. A live teacher can always frame

his own questions, and will ask a dozen for every one which the author has given. The index of authors is also designed for the teacher; but he will see that his pupils know all that it contains by the time the book is finished.

Method of Conducting Recitation.—When the class is called, let the pupils bring both books and slates with them. The slates should contain the verse for the day neatly written, with capitals and punctuation marks in the right places, in addition to the composition-lesson.

After each pupil has read the original matter on his slate, let the slates be examined by the teacher and attention called to all mistakes, especially in spelling. Then let some one, or all of the class, repeat the verse from memory, after which the class may recite it in concert.

When this has been done, let the pupils open their books while the teacher questions them upon the lesson for the next day, and explains whatever they do not understand, drilling them carefully upon the pronunciation of difficult words. When review day comes, let the whole piece be recited both individually and in concert, and let the teacher question the pupils upon everything that has been taught in connection with it.

After several pieces have been learned, it will be well to allow the class each day to repeat one or more of them in concert, so as to retain them in the memory. With a class of ten pupils, this may all be done in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Points that are very important :

1. Require the pupils to commit the exact words of the author.
2. Do not allow them to fall into the ordinary singsong when reciting in concert.
3. Accustom them to associate each piece with its author, so that when they have finished the book, the moment a piece is named they can tell who wrote it, and the moment an author is mentioned they can name all of his pieces which they have learned.
4. Correct all grammatical errors spoken or written; teach the little folks how to speak correctly, but leave the *why* for mature years.
5. One stanza, with the accompanying lesson in composition, is quite enough for a day's work. Let the motto be, not, how much, but how well.

WORD LESSONS IN COMPOSITION.



WORD LESSONS.



CHILD'S PRAYER.*

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

LESSON I.

Write on your slates the names of ten objects in the school-room. Learn the *Child's Prayer*.

* John Quincy Adams, one of the Presidents of the United States, said that he never went to sleep at night without repeating this little prayer learned at his mother's knee.



LITTLE PUSSY.

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little pussy and then she will pur,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her nor make her displeased,
For puss doesn't like to be worried and teased.

LESSON II.*

Ten things or objects that you see in the picture.

LESSON III.

Ten different parts of a cat.

LESSON IV.

Review the verses already learned. Questions.—What is prayer? To whom do we pray? Why should we pray to God?

What kind of a coat does pussy wear? How does pussy pur? In how many ways can pussy talk? By what other names may we call pussy? What has she that are sharp beside her claws? Let each pupil give some description of his own cat.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

* It is understood in this and the succeeding lessons that the names of the objects are to be written upon the slates, and that a stanza is to be learned in connection with each lesson.



Then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid ;
 You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
 The eager children cry ;
 "Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
 The teacher did reply.

JOHN ROULSTON.

LESSON V.

Ten animals that you have seen.

LESSON VI.

The names of ten of your playmates.

LESSON VII.

Ten objects that you saw on your way to school.

LESSON VIII.

Ten toys that you like to play with.

LESSON IX.

Ten things that you can see in the picture.

LESSON X.

Review *Mary's Lamb*. Questions.—Does the lamb wear the same kind of a coat that pussy does? What does *lingered* mean? Let each pupil repeat the story of *Mary's Lamb* in his own words.

LESSON XI.

Spelling Review.

prayer	coat	white	afraid
soul	tail	school	sure
object	thread	laugh	waited
pussy	lamb	teacher	laid
warm	fleece	head	appear

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

BREWER.

LESSON XII.

Ten little things.

LESSON XIII.

Ten things that you have at home.

LESSON XIV.

Ten large things.

LESSON XV.

Ten things that are good to eat.

LESSON XVI.

Review.—What does *mighty* mean? What is the ocean? How many minutes in an hour? What is meant by eternity? What are errors? What can you say about Eden?

CRADLE SONG.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,
“Mother, let me fly away.”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger;”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.



What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LESSON XVII.

Ten things that you see in the picture.

LESSON XVIII.

Ten parts of a bird.

IF EVER I SEE.

If ever I see
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,

I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away ;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor harm them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me ;
And then, if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

LESSON XIX.

Ten kinds of birds.

LESSON XX.

Ten kinds of trees.

LESSON XXI.

Ten kinds of flowers.

LESSON XXII.

Review *Cradle Song* and *If Ever I See*. With what do little birds fly? Have babies wings? Then how will baby fly when it gets stronger? Haven't babies something better than wings? Who wrote the *Cradle Song*, and where does he live? Why is it wrong to rob birds' nests? With what tools do birds build their nests?

OUT OF THE GROUND.

A glow in the sunshine,
A pulse in the air,
A something of gladness—
We cannot tell where;
Blue, born of heaven,
Filling the sky,
A laugh in the brooklet
Hastening by.

A stirring of insects
Waking the wood;
Prayer breathed in secret:
"God, thou art good."
Little birds humming;
Joy all around;
The flowers must be coming
Out of the ground.

They're coming, they're coming!
Daffodils sweet;
Hear the grass whisper
Under our feet;
Telling of daisies,
Telling of clover,
Telling of beauty
All the world over.

Looking up brightly
Where the sun shines,
Sending a message
Up to the vines;

“Wake from your slumbers,
Summon your powers,
Put forth your tendrils:
They’re coming—the flowers.”

MARY MAPES DODGE.

LESSON XXIII.

The names of ten insects.

LESSON XXIV.

Ten places to which you have been.

LESSON XXV.

Ten places to which you would like to go.

LESSON XXVI.

Ten objects in the picture, page 16.

LESSON XXVII.

Review. Does the brooklet laugh? Does it make a noise that sounds like a laugh? How does it make a noise? What becomes of the insects in the winter? What are tendrils, and of what use are they to the vines? What can you say of the author of this piece?

LESSON XXVIII.

water	virtue	grieve	should
grains	heaven	breast	filling
pleasant	mother	speak	daisies
minutes	stronger	warble	clover
mighty	young	birds	tendrils



LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

LESSON XXIX.

Five objects that are round, and five that are square.

LESSON XXX.

Five objects that are straight, and five that are crooked.

LESSON XXXI.

Five objects that are hard, and five that are soft.

LESSON XXXII.

Ten objects that are bright.

LESSON XXXIII.

Review.—What does *twinkle* mean? How far off are the stars? Why do we not see the stars in the day-time? How large are the stars?

THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neatly spreads her wax,

And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes!



In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books or work or healthful play
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

LESSON XXXIV.

Five objects that are dry, and five that are moist.

LESSON XXXV.

Five objects that are cold, and five that are hot.

LESSON XXXVI.

Ten objects that are in the picture on this page.



HYMN OF A CHILD.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Make me gentle as thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine ;
So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise,
And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

· LESSON XXXVII.

Five objects that are black, and five that are white.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Five objects that are tough, and five that are brittle.

LESSON XXXIX.

Review *Busy Bee* and *Hymn of a Child*. Do the bees find honey in the flowers? How do they carry their honey? Where do they store it? Of what shape are the cells of the honeycomb? Where does beeswax come from? Who wrote *Busy Bee*, and what can you say about him?

Who gives us all the good things that we have? To whom, then, ought we to give thanks?

LESSON XL.

twinkle	curtains	praise	builds
wonder	know	always	cell
diamond	hymn	busy	labor
glorious	heart	shining	honey
through	guide	hour	mischief

SONG OF SUMMER.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere creatures are living,
God in his bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere creatures are striving;
Labor is surely the price of their thriving.



Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere singing and humming,
Busily, joyfully, summer is coming.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

LESSON XLI.

Five objects that are sweet, and five that are sour.

LESSON XLII.

Five things that make a noise, and five that are quiet.

LESSON XLIII.

Ten objects in the picture, page 28.

MY MOTHER.

My mother, my kind mother,
I hear thy gentle voice;
It always makes my little heart
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me
And kindly soothes my pain;
And when I sleep, then in my dreams
It sweetly comes again.

My mother, my dear mother,
Oh, may I never be
Unkind or disobedient
In any way to thee.

LESSON XLIV.

Ten articles of furniture.

LESSON XLV.

The names of ten colors.

LESSON XLVI.

Ten objects that are green.

LESSON XLVII.

Review *Song of Summer* and *My Mother*. What creatures live in the tree-top? What creatures live in the ground? Does anything live in the sky? What is the sky? Do birds, animals, and insects work? Why are they glad when summer comes?

What does the fifth commandment say? What does disobedient mean? Does a disobedient boy honor his mother?



LITTLE DANDELION.

Brave little dandelion !
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low ;
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little dandelion
Groweth more fair
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair ;

High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud;
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged dandelion
Soareth away.

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

LESSON XLVIII.

Four things that are yellow, three that are red, three that are blue.

LESSON XLIX.

Ten objects that are brown.

LESSON L.

Ten objects in the picture, page 30.

LESSON LI.

Review.—What is the color of the dandelion? When does it bloom? When does the daffodil bloom? What does *blithe* mean? What is meant by “closeth her eye”? What is meant by “white shroud”? What makes the dandelion soar away? Who wrote *Little Dandelion*, and what can you say of her?

PEACE AND LOVE.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like God's well-beloved Son,
That sweet and lovely Child.

The Lord of all, who reigns above,
Does from his heavenly throne
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

ISAAC WATTS.

LESSON LII.

Ten objects that belong to the animal kingdom.

LESSON LIII.

Ten objects that belong to the vegetable kingdom.

LESSON LIV.

Ten objects that belong to the mineral kingdom.

LESSON LV.

Five objects made entirely of animal substances.

LESSON LVI.

Review.—Where are bears found? How large are they? Do all bears look alike? Are lions and bears found near each other? Which would you rather meet, a lion or a bear? Whom do children displease when they quarrel and fight? Who wrote *Peace and Love*, and what can you say about him?

LESSON LVII.

blue	surely	blithe	bears
bounty	where	thirsty	lions
labor	rejoice	shroud	piece
coming	again	angel	peace
busily	dandelion	delight	growl



THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

But still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LESSON LVIII.

Ten articles made entirely of vegetable substances.

LESSON LIX.

Ten articles made entirely of mineral substances.

LESSON LX.

Five articles made partly of animal and partly of vegetable substances.

LESSON LXI.

Five articles made partly of vegetable and partly of mineral substances.

LESSON LXII.

Review.—Where was Christ born? How many years ago?
What did he say when the children were brought to him?

THE BLUEBIRD.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;

Brave little fellow ! The skies may be dreary ;
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat !
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

" Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark ! while I sing you a message of cheer :
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

" Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus, come open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils, daffodils ! say, do you hear ?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LESSON LXIII.

Five articles composed of animal, vegetable and mineral substances.

LESSON LXIV.

Five kinds of meat and five kinds of vegetables that are used on the table.

LESSON LXV.

Ten kinds of fruit.

LESSON LXVI.

Five kinds of grain and five kinds of stone.

LESSON LXVII.

Review.—Why is the bluebird so named? When does he first make his appearance? What does *dreary* mean? What are the snowdrop and crocus? Let each pupil tell in his own words what the bluebird says. Who wrote this poem, and what can you say of her?

LESSON LXVIII.

earnestly	skies	cheery	throne
beautiful	dreary	weary	violets
forgiven	music	message	daffodils
thrown	throat	crocus	coming
where	blossoms	eyes	listen

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

LESSON LXIX.

Write the following words in a column, and in another column, opposite each, the kingdom (animal, vegetable or mineral) to which the article named belongs: silk, water, broadcloth, leather, air, calico.

LESSON LXX.

The classes to which the following belong: paper, stoves, gingham, glass, carpet, chairs.

LESSON LXXI.

The classes to which the following belong: glue, cream, combs, gold dollars, sugar, vinegar.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

Whether I am at home, at school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. LUKE, chap. x., v. 27.

LESSON LXXII.

The classes to which the following belong: feathers, honey, india-rubber, sponges, slate-pencils, boys.

LESSON LXXIII.

The classes to which the following belong: cheese, ice, dew, pens, chalk, spiders.

LESSON LXXIV.

The classes to which the following belong: ice-cream, sponge-cake, lemonade, boots, beefsteak.

LESSON LXXV.

• Review *Lord's Prayer*, etc. In what part of the Bible is the Lord's Prayer found? Why is it called the *Lord's Prayer*? What does *hallowed* mean? What is meant by temptation? What does the Golden Rule require of us? What is meant by loving our neighbors as ourselves?

LESSON LXXVI.

father	bread	honest	neighbor
hallowed	against	ought	power
kingdom	temptation	whether	evil
earth	glory	abroad	trespasses
daily	for ever	forget	others

**CHICK-A-DE-DEE.**

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so sweet was his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window!" said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes!
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell
who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too;
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

LESSON LXXVII.

Five words that describe a horse; five words that describe a house. *

LESSON LXXVIII.

Water, glass.

LESSON LXXIX.

Ink, snow.

* In the lessons which follow, the pupils will write five words that describe each of the objects mentioned.

LESSON LXXX.

Ten objects that you see in the picture, page 38.

LESSON LXXXI.

Review.—Did you ever see a chick-a-dee? Why do not the birds need shoes and stockings? What kind of clothing do birds wear? Who takes care of the little birds? Let each pupil tell the story of *Chick-a-de-dee* in his own words.

THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God entrusts to all
Talents, few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the good and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given.

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

LESSON LXXXII.

In this and the following lessons write five words that describe each of the objects named: fire, sun.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Dog, cat.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Cow, garden.

LESSON LXXXV.

Book, slate.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Boy, girl.

LESSON LXXXVII.

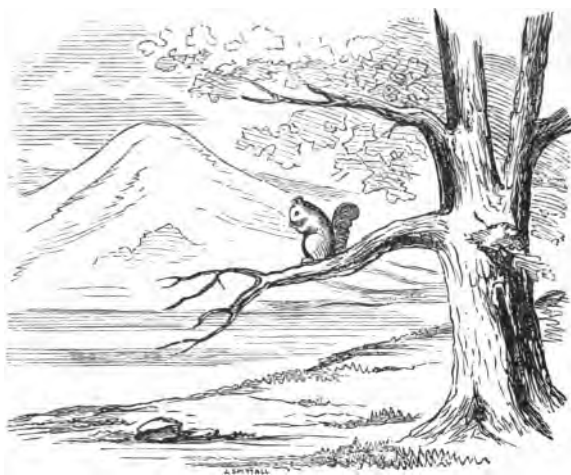
Review.—What are talents? What were the talents spoken of in the Bible? What talents has God given to you? What can you do to make them grow larger?

LESSON LXXXVIII.

ground	parlor	talents	mite
covered	though	young	treasure
merrily	clothed	greater	spread
stockings	already	prize	measure
shoes	enough	surely	attain

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "little prig;"
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big,
 "But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together



To make up a year
And a sphere;

“And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I am not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.

“I’ll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all are well and wisely put.
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Five words describing each of the following named articles:
gold, silver.

LESSON XC.

Iron, wood.

LESSON XCI.

Ten things that you can see in the picture, page 42.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sang in the apple tree over the way,
What 'twas he was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, and could not find out.
"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess
wrong;
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?
"Teetotal! Oh, that's the first word of my lay;
And then don't you see how I twitter away?
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the
spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my
wing.
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.
"And now, my sweet miss, won't you give me a
crumb?
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home;
And one thing besides, since my story you've
heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold-water army belong."

LESSON XCII.

Ten things that a man can do.

LESSON XCIII.

Ten things that a woman can do.

LESSON XCIV.

Ten things that a horse can do.

LESSON XCV.

Review.—What is a mountain? What is a *little prig*? What are mountains good for? What are squirrels good for? Who wrote *The Mountain and the Squirrel*, and what can you say of him?

Describe a robin. What does *teetotal* mean? What is the best drink in the world? Let the pupils repeat each of these pieces in their own words.

LESSON XCVI.

mountain	very	spry	teetotal
squirrel	weather	pretty	nestlings
quarrel	sphere	forests	crumb
replied	disgrace	neither	because
doubtless	occupy	temperance	remember

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

What are you good for, my brave little man?

Answer that question for me if you can;

You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun,

You, with your fingers as white as a nun;

All the day long, with your busy contriving,

Into all mischief and fun you are driving;

See if your wise little noddle can tell

What you are good for. Now ponder it well.



Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter, to climb on my seat ;
Two merry eyes full of frolic and glee
Under their lashes looked up unto me ;

Two little hands pressing soft on my face
Drew me down close in a loving embrace ;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
“Good to love you, mamma—good to love you.”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LESSON XCVII.

Write ten things that boys can do better than girls.

LESSON XCVIII.

Ten things that girls can do better than boys.

LESSON XCIX.

Write in Roman letters the numbers from one to fifty.

LESSON C.

Write in Roman letters the numbers from fifty to one hundred.

LESSON CI.

Review.—What is a nun? What are ringlets? What is mischief? What is a *noddle*? Tell *My Good-for-Nothing* in your own words. Who is the author, and what can you say of her?



A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter ;

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick ?

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by
name :

" Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and
Vixen !

On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all."

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too ;
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof ;

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound ;

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight.
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

LESSON CII.

Write the names of all the holidays that you know.

LESSON CIII.

The names of the four seasons, beginning with the coldest.

LESSON CIV.

The names of the days of the week in order.

LESSON CV.

The names of the months in order.

LESSON CVI.

The names of ten things that you would like St. Nicholas to bring you.

LESSON CVII.

Ten animals whose skin or hair is used to make materials for clothing.

LESSON CVIII.

Review the six stanzas already learned. When does Christmas come? What are sugar-plums? What is a *clatter*? In what countries do the reindeer live, and of what use are they? What is a *hurricane*?

LESSON CIX.

Write the names of all the kinds of vehicles that you have ever heard of.

LESSON CX.

The names of ten animals whose flesh is used for food.

LESSON CXI.

The names of ten animals that eat the flesh of other animals.

LESSON CXII.

The names of all the authors mentioned in this book whose pieces you have learned.

LESSON CXIII.

The names of ten books or stories which you have read.

LESSON CXIV.

Write the names of all the things you can see in the picture at the beginning of this piece.

LESSON CXV.

Review the last five stanzas. Can St. Nicholas get down the chimneys they build nowadays? What does *tarnished* mean? What is a *thistle*? Tell the story in your own words. Who is the author, and what can you say about him?

LESSON CXVI.

question	St. Nicholas	reindeer	jerk
climb	Christmas	sleigh	thistle
frolic	chimney	soot	straight
embrace	kerchief	peddler	droll
answer	shutters	beard	creature



TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
He leadeth me beside the still waters ;

He restoreth my soul ;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for
his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies ;
Thou anointest my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life ;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

LESSON CXVII.

Write the names of ten persons mentioned in the Bible.

LESSON CXVIII.

The names of the first four books in the New Testament.

LESSON CXIX.

The names of ten beautiful things.

LESSON CXX.

The names of ten good things.

LESSON CXXI.

The names of five pieces in this book, Part I., that you
think prettiest.

LESSON CXXII.

Review twenty-third Psalm.



LESSONS IN SENTENCES.

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim;
“Ha, ha!” laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, “What’s
that?”

Gustava feeds her; she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
“Good-day!” cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen;
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet;
“Welcome!” cries little Gustava.



So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs;
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch-terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face and his funny tail wags;
 "Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk;
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow;
"Won't you come in, good folks?" she cried,
But they were too bashful and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat;
And her mother came to the open house door,
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava."

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless, Gustava loves;
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava.

CELIA THAXTER.

In the following exercises the pupils will write the sentences on their slates, filling the blanks with appropriate words. The teacher will see that each sentence is begun with a capital and has the proper punctuation mark at the end.

LESSON I.

The — barks. The — mews. The — crows. The — squeals. The — swims.

LESSON II.

A — works. An — grows. The — plays. — neigh. — bleat.

LESSON III.

An — flies. A — falls. — freezes. — melts. The — brays.

LESSON IV.

Where did the — go? Which — are you reading? What will that — eat? Those — are large. That — is small.

LESSON V.

Mary's — studies. What a large —! Oh, how high the — flies! Will that — work? This — trots.

LESSON VI.

Can those — sing? Are you going to the —? Bring me that —. — and — are sweet, — is sour.

LESSON VII.

— is black but — is white. The — flies and the — swims. Those — study but these — play. Lazy — and — will never succeed.

LESSON VIII.

— is yellow. The bright — shines upon the —. The — on the — are green. That — ate — on his —.

LESSON IX.

The naughty — scratched the little —. The — kicked over the —. That — rode on the large —. Those — rowed in the small —.

LESSON X.

Review.—What are icicles? How are they formed? What are marigolds? What is the difference between doves and pigeons? What other kinds of dogs are there besides terriers? What is the color of the crow? What made little Gustava so happy? Repeat the piece in your own words. Who is the author, and what do you know of her?

LESSON XI.

The — who lives in that — ate — for his —. Those large — that grow on the — in Mr. Smith's — are very sweet. The red — that pastures in the — eats the green —. The little — rode to the — in the — with her mother. The happy — gather the ripe — that grow on the —.

LESSON XII.

The — shines by day, the — shines by night. The old — bawls because she has lost her —. The bad — stole the — nest that was in yonder —. The farmer cuts his — with a —. The — are building a large — of —. Mary's little — followed her to — one day, and made the — and — all laugh; so the — turned him out.

EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed and warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer:

Let my sins all be forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;

Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view ;

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused a sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON XIII.

Birds —. Trees —. Flowers —. Chickens —.
Horses —. Men —. Women —. Geese —.

LESSON XIV.

John — apples. The man — wood. The dog — the
kitten. The boy — the crow. The maid — the milk.

LESSON XV.

The little girl — the flowers. Will you — the book to
me? Did you — that dog yesterday? Where did you —
that luscious peach?

LESSON XVI.

I — the boy to — me an apple. The horse — and —.
The boy — the horse and — the cows. The turkeys —
the corn and — the water. The water — in the sunshine.

LESSON XVII.

The fire —. Snow —. Water —. Corn —. The wind —. The stars —. The mother — her baby. The girl — her book.

LESSON XVIII.

The clouds — and then the rain —. The man — in that large —. The cars — on the —. The woman — in the —.

LESSON XIX.

The — took his pen and — with ink in his —. The little — wrote with his — on his —. The — on the trees — when the wind —.

LESSON XX.

Review.—What is a hymn? Why is Jesus called a shepherd? Describe the violet. In what kind of places does it grow? What lesson may we learn from it? Who is the author, etc.

LESSON XXI.

icicles	welcome	daughter	violet
eaves	eager	shepherd	stalk
wears	terrier	clothed	colors
marigolds	breakfast /	evening	humility
coaxing	knelt	forgiven	valley

LESSON XXII.

What can you — up in that —? Where are you — tomorrow? I — a butterfly — under my —. A little — lit right on my —. The — put his hand in the —, and it burned him. The cool breeze — in at my —. The little white — floated over my —.

LESSON XXIII.

The beautiful swan — on the —. The gentle — coos

softly. The noisy — gobbles and —. The troublesome — buzzes in my ears and will not let me —. That bad — caught a — and — it under Johnny's —.



THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little downy chick one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her,
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;

Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground
She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was
deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she had hardly time to peep,
When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding;

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
For any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another;

For we all have our proper spheres below,
And this is a truth worth knowing:
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going.

PHOEBE CARY.

LESSON XXIV.

The — colt prances. The — grain waves. The — sun shines. That — orange is sour. Mary's — dress is badly torn.

LESSON XXV.

Mr. Jones' house is painted —. Fanny wore her — bonnet and her — shawl. The supper was —. The — sky is over our heads. The clouds were — at sunset.

LESSON XXVI.

The weather was very — and the roads were very —. The ink in — bottle was —. Have you seen that — picture? What are the — waves saying?

LESSON XXVII.

The — boy gave the — girl a piece of his — apple. The — woman went to the nearest city to buy a — carpet. Frank's — horse — away and — the — carriage. Her — book fell on the —.

LESSON XXVIII.

The — that — gave me were delicious. The — pear that — gave — was mellow. The song he — was so — that it made — laugh. Lead is —, but feathers are —.

LESSON XXIX.

The — is square. That — is round. — are straight. The — is shallow. — are troublesome. — is agreeable.

LESSON XXX.*

Do not ride so —. — did you see him? I saw him —. I expect to go —. She sang —. He worked —. He went away — she was talking.

* Teachers will be very careful to correct the use of the adjective for the adverb whenever it occurs.

LESSON XXXI.

That — cow strayed —. The shepherd's — watched the sheep — he slept. He spoke very —. — he goes! — will I see you —?

LESSON XXXII.

Mary — on her — machine. Willie — walnuts until his hands were —. Anna — strawberries for her —. They were — ripe. Susan found an —, but it was — green that she could not — it.

LESSON XXXIII.

Review.—What is the difference between a duck's foot and a chicken's? Why cannot a duck walk as well as a chicken? Why do hens scratch? What lesson may children learn from this little chicken? Who is the author, and what can you say about her? Tell the story in your own words.

LESSON XXXIV.

Johnny's — sent him to the — to buy some —, and told him to come back —; but Johnny met another — in the road, and they went off to the — to hunt chestnuts. Johnny forgot all about the —, and did not get home — dark. His father was very — with him, and — him to bed without his —.

LESSON XXXV.

Write ten sentences about objects which you can see in the picture on page 54.

LESSON XXXVI.

Write ten sentences about objects in the picture on page 60.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky,

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

JOHN KEBLE.

LESSON XXXVII.

The icicles — in the sunshine. The water is — cold for us to —. I found a — of corn growing in the —. — are quadrupeds, but — are bipeds. The — dog — at the moon all night.

LESSON XXXVIII.

The — will bloom — spring comes. Those very — clouds will soon — away. The — blew against the —, and it fell. The — twinkle in the —, and give light to the — passing by.

LESSON XXXIX.

The — got up very — Christmas morning to see what —

had put into their —. The weather was —, the snow was —, and the bells jingled —.

LESSON XL.

They took seats in the — boat. William and Frank took the —, and rowed them — down the —. The farmer — his horses to the —, and went out into the — to haul in the —.

LESSON XLI.

— cried because she could not write her —, but her — told her to try, so she — to work —, and — had them all written. Was not that — than crying?

LESSON XLII.

Review.—Is there anything on earth that God did not make? Why do the mountain-tops look purple? Who is the author of this piece? What kind of poetry did he write? What was his profession?

LESSON XLIII.

Fanny and her little — went to their uncle's to — the day. They — to the woods to gather — flowers, and they also found some — strawberries; they — some, and took some home to their —; she thanked the little —, and said the berries were very —.

THE ORIOLES.

Four little mouths agape for ever,
Four little throats which are never full,
Four little nestlings who disserve
One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb, the lazy fellow!
Perches the father, bold and gay;
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at his side the watchful mother,
Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place, and asks no other,
Flying and gleaning all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled,
Four little nestlings quite appall her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father ;
His is the care of the singing-school ;
He must teach them to fly, and gather
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,
Under the light of the happy sun,
Dropping through blossoms like avalanches,
Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong ;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

LESSON XLIV.

David lost — book. Mary found — bonnet. The boys
study — lessons. The book has lost — back. The woman
fell and broke — arm.

LESSON XLV.

Frank let — plate fall on the floor, and — broke into three
pieces ; — mother told — to bring — to her, and — would
try to mend — for —.

LESSON XLVI.

Fanny's — — brother loves her —. Mary stayed at — too —. Frank did not get up — enough, so he had to go without his —, and was so — at school that — teacher kept — in at recess.

LESSON XLVII.

The — bee gathers — from the flowers and stores — in her —. — grow in the garden, but — grow in the orchard. Never — off till — what — can do to-day.

LESSON XLVIII.

The orioles — a nest in a — in — yard, and sang for — early in the —. I like to — the birds feed — young, and I like to see the little birds — to fly.

LESSON XLIX.

Did you ever — in the cars? Do you know — makes them go? Can you tell — invented the steam-engine? Would you rather — in the carriage — on horseback?

LESSON L.

Some little — dandelions were growing on the —; in a — days — withered, but afterward they changed into round — balls, which I blew — with — breath.

LESSON LI.

Review.—Why is the oriole sometimes called the hanging-bird? What does *dissever* mean? Which is prettier, the father- or the mother-bird? What are *avalanches*? What does *fledged* mean? What do boys and girls do when they graduate?

LESSON LII.

swimming	deceive	pleasant	graduate
listen	scratching	almighty	fledged
answered	breeding	forever	oriole
wistfully	sphere	perches	dropping
stories	grief	avalanches	throughout

LESSON LIII.

Harry's — told him that — might go to the brook to — fish ; so he — his hook and line and some — for bait. — sat on the — of a — log until something — at the line ; then — gave a sudden pull, — his balance, and — splash into the —.

LESSON LIV.

Samuel watched the — building a — house. Presently he said, " You will — get that — built if you put on — one stone at a time." The builder replied, " The largest wall in the world was — simply by — one stone — another."

SUPPOSE.

·Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your nose and eyes were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHOEBE CARY.

LESSON LV.

Mary came — the house — a flower — her hand. Go
— the store and — me a pound — raisins. The horse ran
— the road — fast, and threw the man — — the carriage.

LESSON LVI.

The lamp is — the table. Pussy is — my chair. The
ladder is — the wall. The broom is — the door. The
crumbs are — the carpet.

LESSON LVII.

When winter —, the boys and — will all — down hill on
— sleds. In the — the leaves — the trees become red and
—. The — shines — the water and changes it — vapor.

LESSON LVIII.

I saw a — stand — the fence, flap — wings and —.
See the — lambs, how brisk — gay! — the — grass they
skip and —.

LESSON LIX.

— Rover is the — dog
That — ran a race;
His ear so quick, — foot — fleet,
And such an honest —.

LESSON LX.

Review.—Does crying ever mend things? What is the best
thing for us to do when the weather is disagreeable? What is
the best way to learn a hard lesson? What can you say of
Phebe Cary?

LESSON LXI.

A great — good man made this one — his rules — life:
“Never put — till to-morrow what — can do —.” That
man was once President — the United States, and — name
— Thomas Jefferson.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my “seven times” over and over:
Seven times one are seven.



I am old, so old. I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright—ah! bright; but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow—
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh-mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it:

I will not steal them away;

I am old; you may trust me, linnet, linnet;

I'm seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

LESSON LXII.

An — robin left — nest to get — food — her young;
while she — gone a — boy climbed up the — and carried
— the — little birds.

LESSON LXIII.

God made — sun to — by day,

The moon — stars — night;

The — lambs to skip and —,

And flowers — charm the —.

LESSON LXIV.

John — he would like to — some money — his own; so
— went — a farmer and asked — he might plant corn.
John worked — all day, and the farmer — him a — half
dollar.

LESSON LXV.

"I do — see what — can do,"

A — snowflake said,

"Upon — meadow — and wide,

— covering to —."

LESSON LXVI.

Near the house in which — and — lived flowed a — of
water. They — played — this stream, and one day they
— some sticks and —, and — a dam.

LESSON LXVII.

Horses and cows eat —; pigs eat —; chickens eat —;
dogs eat —; cats eat — and —; and foxes eat —.

LESSON LXVIII.

Review.—Why should not children play all the time as well as lambs? Why is the moon sometimes round and sometimes crescent shape? What do bees carry that looks like money? Who wrote the piece, and what can you say about her?

LESSON LXIX.

Write ten sentences about objects which you see in the picture, page 71.

LESSON LXX.

If, — first, you don't succeed,
Try, — again;
'Tis a lesson — should —;
Try, try —;
All that other — can do,
Why, with patience, may not —?
Only keep — rule — view,
—, try —.

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held their breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.
As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,

"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
As we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

LESSON LXXI.

A spider spun his — in the corner of a — ; by and by a
little — went buzzing past and caught his — in the web.
What do — think the spider did — the — ?

LESSON LXXII.

I saw some — ladies and — playing a — of croquet.
There were — of them, and they had — in their hands with
which to — the balls.

LESSON LXXIII.

Maud — Lilian went out into the — to — grapes. They
— had a basket, and the vines were so — and the branches
so — that they soon had — many — they could carry.

LESSON LXXIV.

Lions and — are — in the jungles — Africa. They are
very — animals, and will kill and — human beings when
they are — hungry.

LESSON LXXV.

Fire is sometimes — good thing, and sometimes a — thing.
It is — when used to warm us — to — our food; but it is
— when it — down houses — cities.

LESSON LXXVI.

— are all the — birds that sang — us so — last summer? — will the sun — brightly, and melt all the — and —?

LESSON LXXVII.

Review.—In what part of the ship is the cabin? What is the mast? Why is it cut away in time of storm? What does *anchored* mean? Each pupil repeat the story in his own words. Who is the author, and what about him?

LESSON LXXVIII.

pouring	daisies	linnet	whispered
nicer	birthday	crowded	anchored
easier	velvet	shattered	shining
creation	powdered	captain	icy
altered	columbine	staggered	silence

FALLING TO SLEEP.

Evening is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes;
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet cups of lily and rose;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily swinging the trees;
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall open once more,
 Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar;
 Sleep till the morning sun, lighting the skies,
 Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise;
 Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
 And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LESSON LXXIX.

— boy — school —. — large — in
 — field. Those — ran — wagon. Where
 — those — birds —? — black, —,
 white.

LESSON LXXX.

— icicles — from — eaves — porch. That —
 wears —. Marigolds — grow —.
 — pigeons — corn. Mary — cat —.

LESSON LXXXI.

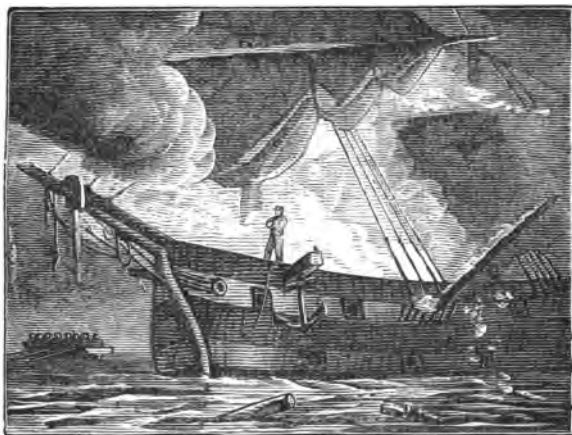
— shepherd — care — lambs. Mr. Jones —
 — daughter —. Some — red, —
 — blue. — saw — birds, —. The —
 caught — fish —.

LESSON LXXXII.

Review.—Where does the sun set? How do the clouds sometimes look when the sun sets? What are diamonds? How do some of the flowers go to sleep? What does "From the German" mean?

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.



Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on ; he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done !"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !"

And but the booming shot replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
'While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy, oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

LESSON LXXXIII.

— — destroyed — — wheat. What — — give
— — knife? Who — — with — — to-morrow?
— clouds — — sky — very —. — — — people
— — — street.

LESSON LXXXIV.

We — — — tomatoes — — — dinner —. That —
 — happy when — — — good. — lives — — — brown.
 — — — woods. — water — — — ocean — — — deep.
 — rain — — — clouds.

LESSON LXXXV.

— and — — — swim — — —. — and — — — fly
 — — —. The — — — fence — — — field. Mary's
 — — — sick. She — — — milk — churned — — —.

LESSON LXXXVI.

— — — husked — — — hauled — — — crib.
 The — — — store — bought — — —. — — —
 clouds — — — sky. — — — dog — — — dinner.
 When — — — sing — — — ?

LESSON LXXXVII.

— — — fell — — — broke — — —. — — — wrote —
 — with — — —. — — — minister — — — sermon.
 — — — — — hot — — — — — stove. — ate — sugar.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

— — — — — skate — — — ice — — —. The —
 cut — — — tree — — — axe. All — little — and —
 — — — picnic. — will sing — — — for — ? John
 — too — for —.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Coal — dug — mines — — —. — roost — — —
 trees — — —. Always — — — truth. It — wicked —
 —. — is — — — policy.

LESSON XC.

I — a whole — load of — ; they — from —. Some
 — — — flowers — — — are very —. The — cut
 — wood — piled — in — —.

LESSON XCI.

The — is — — useful — ; he can — heavy loads or
— people — — back. He eats — and —, and —
water.

LESSON XCII.

— camel — — — Africa ; — can travel — —
desert for — days without water. He is — than the horse.

LESSON XCIII.

Review.—Why did not Casabianca leave the burning vessel?
Why did not his father release him? What caused the “burst
of thunder sound”? What lesson may we learn from Casabi-
anca? Who is the author, etc.?

LESSON XCIV.

evening	soar	chieftain	gallant
meadows	joyfully	unconscious	strewed
diamonds	whence	despair	shroud
slumbering	Casabianca	wreathing	pennon
dreamily	heroic	splendor	faithful

LESSON XCV.

Write five sentences about what you can see in the picture on
page 77.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,

For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON XCVI.*

Write five sentences, each of which shall contain one of the following words (do the same in the exercises which follow):
Happy, only, haul, saw, organ.

LESSON XCVII.

Meeting, handle, early, invited, pay.

* The teacher should encourage the pupils to make these sentences as varied as possible. The only requirement is that the word given be properly introduced. Every misspelled word or grammatical error should be corrected either by the class or teacher.

LESSON XCVIII.

Bouquet, square, wrecked, train, minister.

LESSON XCIX.

Caught, arrived, evening, passenger, song.

LESSON C.

Named, under, company, unknown, sew.

LESSON CI.

Knowledge, scholar, neighbors, farther, remain.

LESSON CII.

Review.—Who made the flowers? Can we eat flowers? Can we make clothing from them? What are they good for? Why does Who in the last verse begin with a capital? What can you say of Mary Howitt?

LESSON CIII.

Flax, molasses, correct, easily, speaking, edge, different, same, market, week.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets—
 How they built their nests in summer,
 Where they hid themselves in winter;
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets—
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid ;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them " Hiawatha's brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic
Saying to the little hunter,
" Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river;
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward;
And a deer came down the pathway
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow!
Like a wasp it buzzed, and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;

Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted
As he bore the red deer homeward.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON CIV.

Alarm, given, covered, distant, view.

LESSON CV.

Blaze, such, quickly, cities, monkey.

LESSON CVI.

Rough, several, winding, serious, sea.

LESSON CVII.

North, favorite, believe, office, bunches.

LESSON CVIII.

Difficult, reach, object, pupils, strong.

LESSON CIX.

Peanuts, answered, ragged, looking, your.

LESSON CX.

Once, smiling, quart, whole, best.

LESSON CXI.

Grumbled, nobody, beside, Indians, too.

LESSON CXII.

There, worth, anxious, fortune, married.

LESSON CXIII.

Thanksgiving, again, cleared, left, after.

LESSON CXIV.

Course, corner, selling, promised, unless.

LESSON CXV.

Review.—Who was Hiawatha? What did he learn from the birds? What did he learn from the beasts? What did Iagoo make for him? What did he do with his bow and arrow? What are antlers? Repeat the story in your own words. Who wrote *Hiawatha*, and what about him?

LESSON CXVI.

enough	fashioned	oak-bough	fatal
cedar	valleys	together	listened
luxury	minister	famous	timid
medicine	Hiawatha	roebuck	exulted
wherefore	language	haunches	palpitated

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The widespreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.



That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were glow-
ing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive
it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;

Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave
it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from that loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the
well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

LESSON CXVII.

Blushing, wicked, cracking, gutter, myself.

LESSON CXVIII.

Wrinkled, hopping, glee, worse, ago.

LESSON CXIX.

Presently, another, shoeless, briskly, else.

LESSON CXX.

Receive, splendid, floating, funny, breathless.

LESSON CXXI.

Stamp, deity, laughing, gave, patient.

LESSON CXXII.

Triumph, shook, away, gust, disappear.

LESSON CXXIII.

Review.—What is an orchard? What is a meadow? What is a cataract? How did the boy get the bucket up from the well?

What is moss? Why did it grow on the bucket? Why is water like truth? Who wrote the poem, and what about him? What is nectar? Who was Jupiter?

LESSON CXXIV.

Write ten sentences about things you can see in the picture on page 87.

LESSON CXXV.

Recollect, orchard, dairy, pleasure, dripping, removed, sighs, clear, refuse, nearly.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara*
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

*A variety of marble very pure and white.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,*
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LESSON CXXVI.

Suddenly, explained, errand, merrily, said.

* A cemetery near Boston.

LESSON CXXVII.

Searched, children, because, willing, instead.

LESSON CXXVIII.

Ought, anybody, owned, police, guard.

LESSON CXXIX.

Wringing, voice, choked, story, next.

LESSON CXXX.

Trouble, lose, honest, care, animals.

LESSON CXXXI.

Toward, canal, dream, village, singing.

LESSON CXXXII.

Everything, afraid, closely, died, merry.

LESSON CXXXIII.

Prayer, sorrowful, hearty, orphan, ever.

LESSON CXXXIV.

Since, Egypt, family, absent, broad.

LESSON CXXXV.

Familiar, picture, few, rush, foreign.

LESSON CXXXVI.

Review.—What time of day is the *gloaming*? What is *ermine*? *pearl*? *Currara*? *chanticleer*? *swan's down*? Where is Auburn? Who were the *babes in the wood*? What can you tell about Lowell?

LESSON CXXXVII.

recollection	seized	gloaming	patience
infancy	emblem	busily	merciful
cataract	receive	ermine	healing
dairy	nectar	chanticleer	arched
treasure	plantation	whirling	hiding

LESSON CXXXVIII.

Busily, silence, wore, softened, noiseless, gently, thought,
remember, patience, snow-flakes.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than
all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with
sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? A mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

LESSON CXXXIX

Dose, awhile, better, fancy, smile.

LESSON CXL.

Remedy, uncle, studied, pleasant, lively.

LESSON CXLI.

Murmur, shut, yesterday, shrill, whistle.

LESSON CXLII.

Waiting, belongs, slender, nervous, ready.

LESSON CXLIII.

Review.—What is a palace? What does *humble* mean? What is a *thatched* cottage? Who wrote *Home, Sweet Home*? Why was the old arm-chair so sacred? What can you say of Eliza Cook?

LESSON CXLIV.

Roam, humble, charm, seek, dazzles, like, dare, sacred, loving, world.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.



She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;

And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;

“Two of us in the churchyard lie—
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven. I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green ; they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,

“Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I;

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
The little maiden did reply,
“Oh, master, we are seven.”

“But they are dead—those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven.”
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON CXLV.

Notice, against, blew, blue, voyage.

LESSON CXLVI.

Rather, glimpse, minute, wondering, grave.

LESSON CXLVII.

Along, beyond, opened, busy, curious.

LESSON CXLVIII.

Wharf, queer, slippery, shadow, worked.

LESSON CXLIX.

Crushed, rested, proper, piles, stout.

LESSON CL.

Comfortable, yellow, curtains, progress, front.

LESSON CLI.

Pigeon, entertain, paper, sober, polite.

LESSON CLII.

Seemed, likeness, scarlet, style, cream.

LESSON CLIII.

Memory, amuse, trying, sward, never.

LESSON CLIV.

Knitting-needles, brook, lovely, lightning, whose.

LESSON CLV.

Charm, just, altogether, afternoon, feel.

LESSON CLVI.

Loose, hear, heel, weak, to, two;

LESSON CLVII.

Observed, asked, attention, women, dull.

LESSON CLVIII.

Row, sure, suit, umbrella, jerking.

LESSON CLIX.

Prettiest, verse, charge, delightful, hurry.

LESSON CLX.

Shake, making, sternly, praise, church.

LESSON CLXI.

Review.—Let each pupil repeat the story of the little cottage girl in his own words. Who was the author, and what about him?

LESSON CLXII.

palaces	thatched	kerchief	stockings
humble	prize	porringer	spirits
elsewhere	embalmed	released	moaning
exile	wondering	maiden	sacred
dazzles	cottage	heaven	rustic

LESSON CLXIII.

Write ten sentences about things you can see in the picture on page 94.

LESSON CLXIV.

Cottage, curl, wondering, dwell, reply, released, together, maiden, throwing, churchyard, limbs.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;
Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day ;
Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary ;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest ;
Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same ;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;—
Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LESSON CLXV.

Wander, ached, jumble, necessary, poor.

LESSON CLXVI.

Money, suppose, manage, care, trust.

LESSON CLXVII.

Sometimes, shoulder, peeped, vain, leaf.

LESSON CLXVIII.

Pride, shawls, comical, wasting, naughty.

LESSON CLXIX.

Review.—What makes the water in a fountain go up? What makes it come down again? Does not the water get tired? How is it that the fountain is changed every moment, but always the same? The author, and all about him.

LESSON CLXX.

Sunshine, flashing, whiter, motion, cheery, weary, nature, content, motion, weather.

MATTHEW, chap. v., 2-12.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

LESSON CLXXI.

Failure, respect, sudden, queerest, blow.

LESSON CLXXII.

Vicious, affection, danger, used, over.

LESSON CLXXIII.

Quiet, pulled, abused, several, honor.

LESSON CLXXIV.

Enjoy, idleness, vacation, comfort, shady.

LESSON CLXXV.

Eagerly, manage, bravely, forlorn, coming.

LESSON CLXXVI.

Tender, poetry, stirring, afterward, weary.

LESSON CLXXVII.

Smart, doctor, wishing, nothing, knelt.

LESSON CLXXVIII.

Review.—What is meant by *poor in spirit*? By *they that mourn*? By *the meek*? By *the merciful*? What are *peace-makers*? Who were the prophets?

LESSON CLXXIX.

Blessed, mourn, thirst, obtain, pure, peacemakers, evil,
falsely, reward, filled.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
With thy merry-whistled tunes;

With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;

From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride;
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools—

How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—

For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!

O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;

While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire;
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LESSON CLXXX.

Tan, brim, jaunty, crown, trudging.

LESSON CLXXXI.

Buy, reach, inward, tortoise, cell.

LESSON CLXXXII.

Well, robin, trails, cunning, nature.

LESSON CLXXXIII.

Spread, pewter, bowl, bawl, purple.

LESSON CLXXXIV.

Fringe, choir, waited, leading, force.

LESSON CLXXXV.

Pillow, wonder, woolen, cushion, bitter.

LESSON CLXXXVI.

Flower, perhaps, pour, solemn, upset.

LESSON CLXXXVII.

Effort, except, cheer, pale, potato.

LESSON CLXXXVIII.

Temper, roused, sheepish, amazed, harm.

LESSON CLXXXIX.

Close, brood, herd, flock, clattered.

LESSON CXC.

Review.—What is a *prince*? What is a *republican*? What is a *tortoise*? What is a *woodchuck*? How does the robin feed her young? How does the oriole build its nest? Describe a hornet's nest. How do frogs make music? What kind of a lamp does a fly carry? What do you know of Whittier?

LESSON CXCI.

Write five sentences about the little boy in the picture, page 102.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,

Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breathing
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey,
Wheresoe'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us, then, be careful
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful,
For our Lord to see.

Let us guard each accent
With a holy fear,
Fit our every saying
For our Lord to hear.

Let no thought within us,
Hidden or confessed,
Ever bring a sorrow
To our dear Lord's breast.

Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea:
Teach thy little children
How to live for thee.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

LESSON CXCII.

Catnip, needle, thimble, croquet, sow.

LESSON CXCIH.

Dancing, picnic, marigolds, grandma, baking.

LESSON CXCIV.

Lounge, caterpillar, butterfly, level, oysters.

LESSON CXCV.

Sink, higher, forward, spout, happened.

LESSON CXCVI.

Already, currycomb, basin, pocket, pump.

LESSON CXCVII.

Bored, observe, shiver, instantly, comb.

LESSON CXCVIII.

Island, gorgeous, modest, circus, service.

LESSON CXCIX.

Native, examine, compel, fairy, wrote.

LESSON CC.

Who sees every look and motion? Who hears every sound?
Who knows every thought and feeling? Why should we keep
watch over our thoughts and words? Why should we try to
please God? What can you say of the author?

LESSON CCI.

blithesome	changeul	republican	journey
climbing	righteousness	million	guard
aspiring	merciful	artisans	plea
element	prophets	eschewing	accent
fountain	persecute	festal	starry

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest ;
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine !
Sure there was never a bird so fine ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here ;
Chee, chee chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note ;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat ;
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man :
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight ;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six white mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood ;
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care ;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes, the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again ;
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LESSON CCII.

Brier, nest, meadow, snug, gayly.

LESSON CCIII.

Plain, thrives, boasts, afraid, catch.

LESSON CCIV.

Modest, shy, purple, keeping, sober.

LESSON CCV.

Holiday, forgotten, frolic, herself, where.

LESSON CCVI.

Spectacles, funny, sitting, sense, sunbeam.

LESSON CCVII.

Tumbled, eyes, breathe, either, benches.

LESSON CCVIII.

Scratch, cram, hammer, whose, crying.

LESSON CCIX.

Lazy, worm, harmless, peaceful, matter.

LESSON CCX.

Review.—Which is generally prettier, the male or female bird? Which is the better singer? Where do bobolinks build their nests? What is a nun? What is a braggart? What becomes of bobolink when the young birds can fly? Who is the author of this piece?

**THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.**

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;

The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
 With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When the evening sun is low ;

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice ;

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise;
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON CCXI.

In this and the following exercises let the pupil put all the words into one sentence if he can, changing the order of words when necessary; if not, make a sentence for each word, as before.
There, boys, their, lessons, hard.

LESSON CCXII.

Two, too, to, girls, teacher.

LESSON CCXIII.

Week, weak, school, I, that.

LESSON CCXIV.

Hear, here, to-morrow, see, dress.

LESSON CCXV.

Beet, beat, large, so, garden.

LESSON CCXVI.

Sells, cells, bees, honey, farmer.

LESSON CCXVII.

Whether, weather, know, clear, to-morrow.

LESSON CCXVIII.

Which, witch, ghost, see, night.

LESSON CCXIX.

Review.—What is a *smithy*? What are *muscles*? What are the *bellows*? What is the *sledge*? The *anvil*? What are *sparks*? What is a *choir*? Why could the blacksmith look the whole world in the face? The author, and all about him.

THE BROOK.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel ;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LESSON CCXX.

Once, time, very, little, lazy.

LESSON CCXXI.

When, sail, sea, strange, see.

LESSON CCXXII.

Grandma, chair, sleep, upset, nearly.

LESSON CCXXIII.

Woods, children, autumn, shellbarks, winter.

LESSON CCXXIV.

John, elephant, menagerie, mamma, sister.

LESSON CCXXV.

Ice, boys, skating, broke, drowned.

LESSON CCXXVI.

Review.—What is a *brook*? Where does the water in the brook come from? Where does it go to? Why does it not all run out? Why does not the sea get full and run over the land? What is a *trout*? The author, and all about him.

LESSON CCXXVII.

brier	bestir	chaff	fairy
hidden	holiday	choir	brimming
sure	muscles	worthy	blossom
braggart	brawny	anvil	silvery
pouring	measured	eddyng	foamy

THE PUMPKIN.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and
guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before.—
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin-
pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood ! the old days recalling
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
 were falling,
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within ;

When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts
 all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her
 team.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LESSON CCXXVIII.

Stole, bad, nest, climbed, eggs.

LESSON CCXXIX.

Mary, kicked, spilled, milk, pail.

LESSON CCXXX.

Away, upset, sprained, horse, John.

LESSON CCXXXI.

Mosquito, swelled, nose, large, bit.

LESSON CCXXXII.

Review.—When does Thanksgiving day come? What is it for? When, where and why was the first Thanksgiving day ever observed in this country? Who rode in a pumpkin-shell coach, according to the fairy tale? How are pumpkin-pies made? The author, and all about him.

**"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO
IN THE BUSH."**

In the hand—fluttering fearfully—
 Lonely and helpless, poor little thing!
 In the bush—peeping out cheerfully—
 Two together, gayly they sing;
 Why is it best to have one in the hand?
 Father, tell me, I don't understand.

"Best it is because you have hold of it;
 Child, it is only a figure of speech;
 Sunset shines, you look at the gold of it,
 Knowing well it is out of your reach;
 But the sixpence your godmother gave,
 Yours it is, to spend or to save."

Ah, that sixpence! already I've done with it,
 Never a penny with me will stay;
 If I could buy but an inch of the sun with it,
 I might look at it every day;
 Father, the birds shall stay in their nest.
 Things that we never can have are the best.

LESSON CCXXXIII.

Skating, air-hole, ice, fast, drowned.

LESSON CCXXXIV.

Bat, window, playing, broke, school-house.

LESSON CCXXXV.

Mouse, cheese, shelf, pantry, stole.

LESSON CCXXXVI.

Review.—What is meant by *a bird in the hand*? What is a *figure of speech*? Why can we not go to the sunset clouds and gather the gold? What is a sixpence?

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.**

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the bishop of Bingen
- In his mouse-tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON CCXXXVII.

Flowers, teacher, morning, school, Mary.

LESSON CCXXXVIII.

Study, missed, lesson, recess, stay.

LESSON CCXXXIX.

Fire, smoked, windows, open, built.

LESSON CCXL.

Crumbs, snow-birds, door, hopping, yard.

LESSON CCXLI.

Matches, children, playing, house, burned.

LESSON CCXLII.

Climbed, cherries, mother, tree, pick.

LESSON CCXLIII.

Eggs, barn, laid, hens, during.

LESSON CCXLIV.

Angry, because, ran, left, alone.

LESSON CCXLV.

Rained, muddy, hard, roads, walk.

LESSON CCXLVI.

Daylight, between, comes, night, dark.

LESSON CCXLVII.

Review.—When is the children's hour? What is a castle? What is a turret? What are banditti? Where did the father hold them fast? Who wrote the piece, etc.?

The following words are designed as subjects for composition exercises to accompany the stanzas which follow; let one word constitute a day's lesson, the pupil to write five *distinct* sentences about each, but let him substitute the pronoun for the noun whenever it sounds better. Example: Potatoes are vegetables. They grow in the garden. People boil potatoes for dinner. Sometimes they fry them for breakfast. I think mashed potatoes are very good.

Frost.	Leaves.	Candy.	The cow.
Ice.	Trees.	Cats.	Stones.
Sponges.	Flowers.	Dogs.	Stoves.
Slates.	Sugar.	Noses.	Chairs.
Coal.	Flies.	Heads.	Bonnets.
Iron.	Girls.	Rain.	Pictures.
Wood	Boys.	Knives.	Money.
Skates.	Apples.	The horse.	Birds.
Fish.			

JACK FROST.

The frost looked forth on a still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.

"I will not go on like that blust'ring train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls ; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen

Most beautiful things ! There were flowers and
trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities and temples and towers, and
these
All pictured in silvery sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
He peeped in the cupboard ; and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
“ Now, just to set them thinking,

“ I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,
And the glass of water they’ve left for me
Shall ‘ tchick ’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH F. GOULD.

LESSON CCXLVIII.

Review.—Who is Jack Frost? What did he do to the mountain? To the trees? What are *diamonds* and *pearls*? How does Jack Frost paint such beautiful things on the window panes? What made the pitcher break? What of the author?

LESSON CCXLIX.

affection	fluttering	plotting	bevvies
matron	speech	unguarded	sheen
pumpkin	already	banditti	cupboard
glaring	beginning	moustache	cities
lantern	descending	dungeon	quivering

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures

That hang on memory's wall

Is one of a dim old forest

That seemeth best of all.

I once had a little brother

With eyes that were dark and deep;

In the lap of that dim old forest

He lieth in peace asleep.

Light as the down of the thistle,

Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,

The summers of long ago;

But his feet on the hills grew weary,

And one of the autumn eves,

I made for my little brother

A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

LESSON CCL.

Review.—What is meant by "*memory's wall*"? What kind of pictures hang there? Where are the "*gates of light*"? Who was Alice Cary?

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played.



My mother kissed me here,
 My father pressed my hand ;
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark, old friend ;
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.

Old tree, the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and
wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the
flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LESSON CCLI.

Review.—How long does an oak tree live? What is a fore-father? Why was the old tree so dear? The author, and what of him?

When is it that all nature smiles? What kind of a tree is the aspen? What of the author?

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.



Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow.

JAMES W. WATSON.

LESSON CCLII.

Review.—What is *ivy*? How does it stick to the walls? What kind of walls does it like best? Who was Charles Dickens?

What is *snow*? What are *sledges*? What are *meteors*?

LESSON CCLIII.

thistle	forefather	whirling	whole
autumn	chirps	chasing	nations
embrace	aspen	sledges	hearty
therefore	beechen	crumbled	stateliest
memory	shrines	decayed	scattered

LESSON CCLIV.

Let each pupil write the names of the five pieces in this book which he likes best, with the name of the author annexed to each.

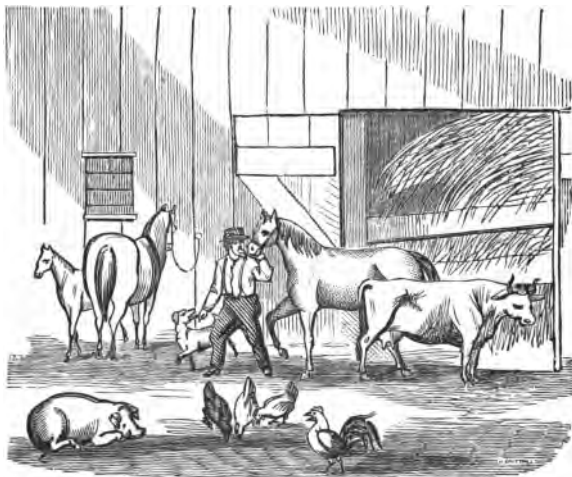
FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound;
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
“Now I’m myself,” says Farmer John;
And he thinks “I’ll look around.”

Up leaps the dog: “Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?”
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him,
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
“Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good food when I’m away?

“You haven’t a rib,” says Farmer John;
“The cattle are looking round and sleek;

The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."



Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray.
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home.
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?"

"These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare,
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
 Would you, old Bay?
 Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
 "That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgages, stock and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray:
That's what I've learned by going away."
J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

LESSON CCLV.

Review.—Why did the farmer feel better when he got his old coat on? What is the best part of a journey? Which is the better, city or country? Why? Are rich people always happy? What makes us happy? What of the author?

CHOICE EXTRACTS.*

I.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn ;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

II.

Before speaking evil of any one put these three questions to yourself: Is it kind? Is it true? Is it necessary?

III.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitter thoughts are rashly stirred ;
Brightest links in life are broken,
By a single angry word.

IV.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;

* For composition lessons accompanying these extracts let the pupil write on his slate, in his own language, the narrative pieces in this book or in his Reader.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

V.

There are crowds who trample a flower into the
dust without once thinking that they have one of
the sweetest thoughts of God under their heel.

HOLLAND.

VI.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

VII.

Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

ROBERT BURNS

VIII.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again :
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid his worshipers.

BRYANT.

IX.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor,—all labor is noble and holy.

X.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

XI.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and
the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward
among the rocks.

HOLLAND.

XII.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

WHITTIER.

XIII.

God scatters love on every side
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

LOWELL.

XIV.

But Truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,

And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

CHARLES MACKAY.

XV.

Fear God, and where you go men shall think they
walk in hallowed cathedrals.

EMERSON.

XVI.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by ;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

XVII.

Let more than the domestic mill
Be turned by feeling's river ;
Let charity begin at home,
But not stay there for ever.

XVIII.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;
Oh ! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

XIX.

All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding.
And every soul that wins a place
Upon its hills of pleasure
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure.

J. G. HOLLAND.

XX.

This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

XXI.

The greatest glory consists not in never falling,
but in rising every time we fall.

CONFUCIUS.

XXII.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW.

XXIII.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

XXIV.

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us!
 Trusting thee always through shadow and sun,
 Thou hast united us! Who shall divide us?
 Keep us, oh, keep us the many in one.
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light!
 Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore;
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the nation's cry,
 Union and liberty! One evermore!

O. W. HOLMES.

XXV.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every
 day, and at last we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN.

XXVI.

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

WOTTON.

XXVII.

Think truly, and thy thought
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and thy word
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall
 A great and noble creed.

II. BONAR.

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A celebrated American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1794. He was for many years editor of the NEW YORK EVENING POST. He died in 1878.

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ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

Sisters, born in Ohio. They afterward had a pleasant little home in New York, where they wrote many beautiful poems for children as well as for grown people. Alice Cary died in 1870, Phæbe Cary in 1871.

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ELIZA COOK.

A popular English poetess, born in London, 1817.

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MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

American.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

An Englishman, who wrote many great novels, and also a very interesting "Child's History of England." Born 1812; died 1870.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

American, editor of ST. NICHOLAS, one of the best magazines for boys and girls in the United States, and author of those delightful books for children, "Hans Brinker's Silver Skates" and "Rhymes and Jingles."

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An American author, born in New Hampshire. Died in —.

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English. Died 1845.

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American, born in New York.

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JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

A famous American actor and author of plays, born in New York. Died 1852.

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JOHN ROULSTON.

American. He visited the school on the day that Mary's lamb followed her.

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JANE TAYLOR.

English, born in London. Died 1824. She and her sister Ann wrote many poems pleasing to children.

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An American authoress, who writes poems for St. NICHOLAS.

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American. Living.

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ISAAC WATTS.

An English divine, who wrote many of the hymns that are sung in our churches. Born 1673; died 1748.

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

Present Poet Laureate of England, born 1809.

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JOHN G. WHITTIER.

American, born in Haverhill, Mass., 1808. Being the son of a poor farmer, he was himself "a barefoot boy," but is now a great man. He is called the QUAKER POET.

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American.

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SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

American, born in Massachusetts; died 1842.

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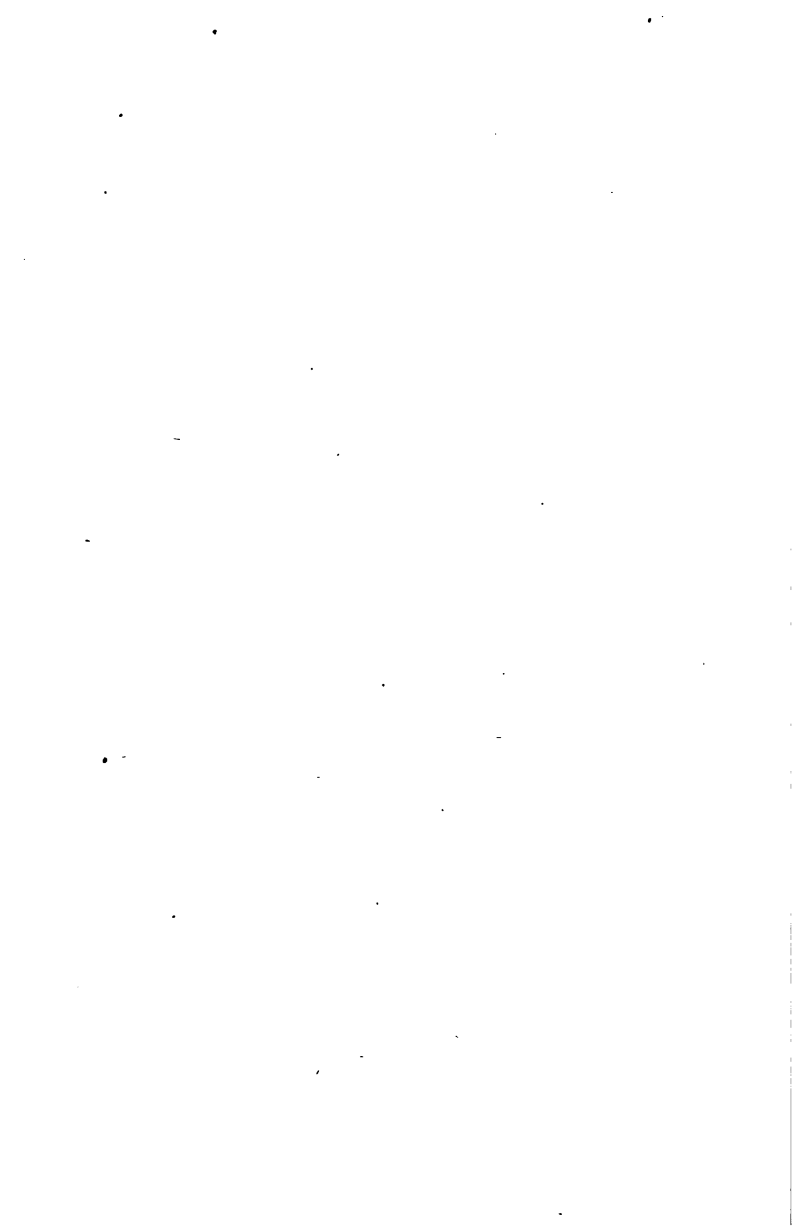
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